SNAP-SHOTS of our Law Makers

Number II.

We present another group of snapshot pictures of our Washington statesmen as they are.

The first picture is that of the jovial Senator Mason, of Illinois, greeting a lady constituent as he emerges from the Capitol. The plump form, flowing, curly hair, silk hat and cutaway coat show the Senator as he appears in his daily walk. However sarcastic and critical of public affairs as conducted by the Administration he may be, in social life he is always the same genial, "hale fellow well met."

To the right of Senator Mason is shown a snapshot picture of Representative Overstreet, from the "Hoosier State." He is a very active person, being a member of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, to the work of which he devotes a great deal of time and attention.

Mr. Overstreet acquired considerable prominence in the last Congress by his bill making a pension once allowed a "vested right." His bill provided that a pensioner should not be dropped from the rolls without due notice, and a copy of the charges against him, and the names of the witnesses upon whose assertions it was proposed to take away his pension. The bill also provided for a form of trial in which the pensioner might defend his right to retain the rating granted to him. This bill had a sigular fate, having passed both Houses as a rider upon the appropriation bill and was for some days supposed to have become a law.

In the almost continuous sittings during the final days and nights of the session, so many large appropriation bills were acted upon through the medium of conference reports, that it was not discovered by the public until the final rounding-up of the results that his bill had been finally stricken out in conference, and failed to become a law. The picture shows him in his street dress, as he walks through one of the Washington parks, with a half-burned cigar in his left hand.

At the lower left hand corner is the figure of Senator Frye, of Maine, who for many years has been one of the leading figures in Washington life. At present he is the acting Vice-President, and President of the Senate by virtue of the death of Vice-President Hobart.

Next to him, in the center of the group, we find the venerable Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, famous as one of the "antis" in the Senate. He opposed the war with Spain, and has ever since steadily resisted every step toward expansion through the acquisition by the United States of our new territory as a result of the Spanish-American war.

Next to the right appears Representative Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, who is walking with the long stride of a man who seems in a hurry. He is Father of the House, and has the longest public career of any man in Washington since the death of Senator Morrill, of Vermont. When a young man he was elected to Congress in 1850 as a Free Soil Democrat, being the youngest member of the House which met in 1851. He early showed great ability in the support of the famous Wilmot Proviso, the discussion of which marked the beginning of the great struggle for the extension of slavery which resulted in the war of the rebellion. He was elected three times as a Free Soil Democrat, but finally joined the Republican party and was elected to Congress by that party in 1860. When the War Congress met in extra session under a call of President Lincoln, July 4, 1861, he was elected Speaker. After this Congress he returned to private life and engaged in business for many years, until sent back to the House of Representatives, elected at large by the State of Pennsylvania by a tremendous plurality. In spite of his years he still possesses great mental and physical vigor.

The gentleman standing upon the right is Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court. He is a giant in stature, and his imposing presence is further added to by the Prince Albert coat and silk hat in which he always appears. He was a gallant officer in the civil war, from Kentucky. His course as a member of the Supreme Bench has been marked by his stalwart opinions as to the power of the Federal Government to exercise almost unlimited jurisdiction in all matters where the public welfare is involved. In other words, he is not a strict constructionist. For example, as a member of the Bering Sea Commission he vigorously sustained the claim that the United States had unquestionable ownership of the fur seals, and the authority to protect them from the ravages of pelagic sealers, no matter how far they might wander from the island where they were produced.

The Judge lives in a comfortable mansion on the hill overlooking the city on the north, which when built some 15 years ago was quite outside the limits and well into the edge of the country. The wonderful growth of the Capital during the last few years, however, has extended far beyond his residence and he is now comparatively in town. He has an ideal home with spacious grounds, and the Judge finds relaxation in his leisure hours in the game of golf. The picture shows him at the foot of Capitol hill starting for home, over two miles away, to and from which he walks daily, except in the most inclement weather.

NOTE.—These snap-shot views have proved so popular, that we shall produce several more collections from time to time. The portraits will be those of prominent Senators, Congressmen, Members of the Cabinet and Army and Navy officers who are in the public eye.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The Famous Morass in War Time, and Some Experiences in Soldiering There.

BY J. C. J. LANGBEIN, 9TH N. Y. (HAWKINS ZOUAVES).

In the year 1803 the celebrated Irish poet, Tom Moore, visited America, and while here the Dismal Swamp. While stopping at Norfolk, Va., he wrote that beautiful ballad, entitled, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," founded upon the legend of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of the girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of.

As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger there, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses. No sketch of the Dismal Swamp, it seems to me, would be complete without this beautiful poem, and I therefore give it entire:

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long by a fire-fly lamp
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
When the footstep of death is near.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore.
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

"And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with a blistering dew.

"And near him the she wolf stirred the brake,
And the coppersnake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried from his dream awake:
'O, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?'

"He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick o'er its surface played;
'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear one's light,'
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.

"Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark—
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

"But oft from the Indian hunters' camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe."

Many of the members of the old 9th N. Y. (Hawkins's Zouaves) can not but remember, as they cast back their minds in imaginative reflection 39 years ago, how graphic yet true is the poet's description of this weird, romantic, yet dismal place. As a "drummer-boy" in that regiment I well remember Co. B (the company to which I was attached) had quarters on an old sloop when going through the canal of the Swamp.

The New York *Tribune* of May 30, 1862, contained the following: "This morning the side-wheel steamer Port Royal arrived here (Fortress Monroe) from Roanoke Island via the Currituck Sound and Dismal Swamp Canal. Col. Hawkins and a company of his gallant Zouaves (Co. K) are the first to open communication between Gens. Wool and Burnside. By this movement we can dispense with all seaward transportation, and forward supplies, etc., in a safe and rapid manner to our troops in that vicinity."

The regiment was very near the Swamp when it fought in the battle of Camden, or South Mills, or Sawyer's Lane, as the Confederates called it, on the 19th of April, 1862. The object of the expedition that resulted in the battle was to prevent the Confederate ironclads from entering Albemarle Sound via the Dismal Swamp Canal and Roanoke River in the rear of Norfolk and Suffolk, and then attack and drive the Union forces from Roanoke Island and Hatteras Inlet, thus reopening the entire coast of North Carolina. This was to be accomplished by cutting and destroying the Culpeper and other locks in the canal to within about eight miles in the rear or south of Norfolk.

It was again near the Swamp at the siege of Suffolk in the Spring of 1863, when Longstreet besieged it with a force estimated at about 40,000 men, while the Union forces were commanded by Gen. John J. Peck, lately deceased, who held the little village with a force estimated at about 14,000.

The Dismal Swamp is an extensive morass, partly in North Carolina and partly in Vitginia, extending 40 miles south from Norfolk, Va., and about 25 miles east and west. In about the center of the Swamp is Lake Drummond, six miles long and three miles wide, and when full 21 feet above high-water on the surface. Two canals run through the Swamp, one known as the Dismal, the other as the Jericho Canal.

The great channel of transportation is the former, which connects the west branch of the Elizabeth with the Pasquotank River. Part of the morass or bogland has been drained and devoted to agriculture.

The "Dismals," as they are locally called, were formerly, both before and during the rebellion, noted retreats for runaway slaves, in whose jungled retreats and fastnesses the bloodhound of the slaveholder often lost his scent. The Swamp is for the mostpart covered with dense forests of cypress, juniper, white cedar, and upon dryer ridges beech and oak trees, where the soil is largely overgrown with reeds; but nearly all of the most valuable timber has now been cut down to furnish shingles, ship timber, rails, boards, staves, railroad ties, and firewood.

For nearly 200 years this vast water-soaked forest known as the Dismal Swamp has been visited by the woodman in quest of cypress, juniper, and other wood. Gen. Washington, who visited the Swamp when a young man of 21, as a surveyor, in his report speaks of the Dismal and Jericho Canals, as well as of many ditches "encompassing the whole Swamp," to use his own words.

A wilderness the Dismal Swamp remains to this day, and it is safe to say always will, for it is said to be next to impossible to completely drain it. Even to this day its deeper recesses are hardly known, save to such untamed denizens as deer and bear, and a peculiar race of cattle that have run wild and live upon the reeds and berries. Hunters and others in search of game, or curious to know what a place so weirdly and dismally named may be like, penetrate the Swamp from Suffolk by way of the Jericho Canal, or on the eastern side through the Dismal Swamp Canal.

Away from these two arteries stretch thousands upon thousands of acres of dense, tangled forest, usually covered in most parts with water to the depth of one or two feet, untraversed by waterways and untraversable by foot. In such vast fastnesses the black bear is at home, and he does not let himself be seen if he can help it. But in very severe Winters he is sometimes driven from his haunts, and has been seen by startled wayfarers even in the outskirts of Portsmouth.

The Jericho Canal is about two miles from Suffolk. Here one can hire from an old darky a skiff built of juniper wood and propelled by pole or paddle. Rowing by oars would be useless, as the windings are so tortuous and circuitous that very often the bow is run ashore while the stern can scarcely be seen. At first as one advances the way lays through a comparatively open tract, which has evidently been burnt over from time to time, and which, therefore, has a look utterly desolate and forlorn. The trees here are small water-oaks, and also what are known as cow oaks, sweet bay, holly, cotton gums, short-leaf pine, and some juniper, or white cedar.

Big cane, which the natives call reed, grows everywhere, bending its graceful sprays over the dark water, or with stems standing stiffly erect in great clumps. To this bamboo more than to any other plant the vegetation of the Dismal and other Southern swamps owe their queer, peculiar look. When in bloom this cane is said to very much resemble the rare flowering of bamboo in the vast jungles of India. The young stalks, which are used for making pipe-stems, are cut and tied in sheaves by the darkies, who usually earn $1 a day as wages.

Many flowering shrubs can also be found, mostly what are known as heathworts, with large, shiny leaves. Most delightful of all are said to be the pale pink azaleas, which are much sought for by country people for the curious green swelling produced on its leaves by a certain fungus growth. These can be eaten, and are known as honey-suckle apples.

As one pursues his lazy way along the tortuous canal, the trees gradually became taller, and the fringing cane more dense. The woodland voices that had been lifted high in the early morning sink to almost a whisper. The chorus chanting of the frog dies away. Now and then the sweet notes of a warbler reaches the ear high up in the heavens. At times a gray crane rises into the air with its peculiar, discordant cry. Ever and anon a blue heron will rise only to see him disappear in fright down the long, winding arcade before you.

Then you glide into what is known as the Black Gum Swamp, where the straight columns of the trees tower 100 feet or more, and the light is as soft as in a cathedral; this continues for about two miles, and then one emerges upon the margin of Lake Drummond, being now inland about 10 miles. There is always something of ghost-like weirdness in the look of this forest-bordered sheet of water. Involuntarily one's eyes go searching for Tom Moore's mysterious maid who paddles her white canoe.

The banks of this lake are flat, so that it looks much larger than it really is. It would be a thoroughly monotonous landscape were it not for the picturesque belt of old cypress stumps that surround its margin, almost disappearing at every high water, but usually in plain view. Gnarled and gray are these relics of ancient forests worn by years of weather and storm-dashed water into a thousand strange, unearthly forms.

One likes to picture in fancy the majestic, noble trees that must have once stood in serried array like a line of battle about this queer lake. A few are said to be still living, small of girth above, but near the water thick, ending into a huge buttressed base.

One of the most notable of these is known by the residenters as "Samson's Maul"; why this name, I have been unable to ascertain. To the branches of these cypress cling small wisps of Spanish moss, making a most beautiful contrast to their gray sides. When it rains in the Dismal Swamp one can get an idea of the true meaning of the word wet. It is then the wettest of places, for not only do torrents descend from the skies, but the long, flexible stems of the cane are said to be so exquisitely adjusted that the water dripping from them nicely slips down the backs of suffering humanity. And then the yellow flies and mosketoes and the thousand and one insects that swarm the place remind one of Dantes "Inferno"; for snakes, turtles, crocodiles, and all kinds and manner of fish are said to abound in this most dismal of swamps.

On sunny days snakes and other reptiles crawl out upon the ends of the canes and bushes that overhang the canals, and as one poles along there is a series of quick splashes as snake after snake drops into the water.

The turtles are mostly small, and are known as "snappers," and are about as large as our wood tortoise that abound in the ditches. Their black shells are besprinkled with spots of orange, and look quite pretty.

The water of the Dismal Swamp is one of its most interesting features. The color of it is a rich, dark, coffee-brown, as seen in the canals and in Lake Drummond, but nearly that of sherry when a small amount is taken up. This is due to the vast quantity of finely-divided vegetable matter it contains, and, strange to say, it makes an excellent, healthful drinking water, pleasant in flavor, and, if one may believe the local sages, tonic in its properties by reason of the particles of juniper wood suspended in it and mixed into the berries of that wood, known in German as "Wochholderbeeren."

In former years it was much sought after by vessels going on long voyages. The antiseptic virtue of this water is said to be almost marvelous. Stumps and logs of cypress that have long been buried beneath the surface of the Swamp remain in excellent preservation, and now that the best of the standing timber has been removed they are eagerly being sought by lumbermen. Berries have been known to keep their color and plumpness for months in this remarkable water.

The Dismal Swamp, contrary to popular impression, is not an unhealthful place. Malaria is said to be unknown there, and people often visit there place to get rid of it. "Befo' de wah," when yellow fever was a periodical scourge in Norfolk, an enterprising hotel keeper put up a frame building on the shores of Lake Drummond, and advertised a health resort. The place was soon crowded with the sick, lame, halt, and blind, and with refugees from the pestilence.

It throve and flourished for quite a while. But Midsummer came, and with it the yellow flies and mosketoes, when straightway guests and employes left the hotel never to more return. It is said that Autumn is a delightful season for a visit to the Dismal Swamp, especially if one is in search of sport with a rifle or shotgun. Up to Thanksgiving the air is soft, mild, and balmy; a light haze rests upon the lake and forest, through which glows the brilliant scarlet of the red maple foliage.

The small ponds scattered through the Swamp are visited then by many a flock of brant, geese, and ducks on their way to the sounds of North Carolina. Then the 'possums grow slick and fat upon persimmons and pawpaws, or "'possum pocket apples," as they are called. Then also the black fruits of the cotton gum, or, locally, paw-paw, attract the hungry eyes of Master Bruin. An old darky often said: "An' you can hear dem poppin' 'em atween der teeth a long way."

If Bruin were content with such honestly-come-by fruit he would be likely to live long and happy and die at a ripe old age, for the odds are somewhat heavily against his career being terminated by the rifle of a hunter, but when the beautiful golden corn stands ripe beneath the Autumn moon and the field seems abandoned to his pleasure, it is not in bear nature to resist the temptation to go prowling about for other game—for "fresh fields and pastures new." Then as he ambles clumsily along, he is likely to encounter the cruel wire which pulls the trigger of a cunningly-set gun, and to get a skinfull of slugs and bullets for his pains.

Take it all in all or where you will, the Dismal Swamp has a charm that falls upon all who visit the place. The very lonellness and vast wilderness of it helps to increase this feeling. Although one no longer hears the startling tales of great monsters, lions, alligators, and other wild beasts, there is not wanting a delicious sense of unexplored fastness, far beyond our vision, in which wild beasts of the forests have found a last hiding-place.

Tales of apparitions, such as Moore's white maid, and the ghostly full-rigged ship that is said to be seen on Lake Drummond in times of storms, are still firmly rooted in the negro folk-lore. Then, there are many legends of desperate runaway slaves who took refuge in the Swamp in ante-bellum days. With its native weird beauty, its strange history and yet stranger tradition, the Dismal Swamp has come to hold a place somewhat akin to mystery and the deathless shore in the imagination of men.

Malay Treachery in the Philippines.

Self-Culture.

Gen. Otis was conversant with one fact which many another officer never suspected—that among natives employed as servants by American officials were many who were officers, soldiers, and spies in Aguinaldo's service. He had studied and analyzed native character, and he knew that if he were bidden by his superior a Filipino would not hesitate to kill his master. When, therefore, the loyalty of Filipino servants came in question he turned to the experience and skepticism of one Senor Blanco, a Spanish Government official. Senor Blanco would not believe his own servant when the latter swore that he was charged to kill his master, but hastened before a Judge to protest against Domingo's arrest. Had not Domingo been born and reared in his home, and had he not always been a faithful servant? Had he not proved honesty and loyalty on many occasions? Was it not Domingo who, single handed, had routed a band of thieves, bent upon robbing his home?

"Peace," said the Judge, "I will convince you"—and Domingo was arraigned.

"He is your servant, Senor."

"Yes. When but a child"——

"Peace," repeated the magistrate. "Did you sign this confession?" he demanded, turning angrily upon Domingo.

"I did."

"Did you, of your own volition, confess that you intended to kill your master."

"I did."

"What, Domingo!" exclaimed his astonished employer, rising unsteadily to his feet. "Would you kill me?"

"Yes, Senor; out of mercy."

Senor Blanco sank back into his seat, almost prostrated.

"I am one of the council that had sworn to kill every Spaniard in our country," continued the prisoner. "You have been a good, kind master, but unfortunately you were born a Spaniard. I loved you, but it was not within my power to save you. My countrymen demanded your life. I would have been an ungrateful wretch to have permitted you to die by some strange, unskilled, and cruel hand. Mine had felt your kindness; it knew your weaknesses, and where to strike so that yours would be a painless, calm, peaceful death. I therefore demanded to be and was chosen your assassin, my good master."

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please explain to me, as well as to a great many others who are readers of your valuable paper, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty?—E. A. H., Owasso, Mich.

[The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was made between the United States and Great Britain, by the terms of which the United States and Great Britain were to have equal rights in any canal that might be constructed across the American isthmus at Panama or Nicaragua, and provided also that Great Britain should not take possession of any more territory in Central America.

The British Government violated their part of the treaty by extending their dominions in Honduras, and, for that reason, Secretary Blaine proposed to abrogate the treaty. When Cleveland was President, however, he acknowledged that the treaty was in force, but there is no doubt that the present Administration proposes to put, through the Nicaragua Canal bill if possible, refusing to recognize any right of Great Britain and putting the canal solely under American control, fortifying it at each end and abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.—EDITOR.]

THE NEW GOLD FIELDS DISCOVERED AT CAPE NOME.

NOME CITY FROM THE SEA—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE LATEST ALASKAN ELDORADO.

About 2,000 miles west of the Klondike, which drove gold-seekers mad three years ago, lies Nome City, the center of the latest gold-field discoveries in Alaska, situated on the north shore of Norton Sound, a shallow arm of the Siberian Ocean.

The story of the birth and growth of this mushroom city, built upon its golden foundation, surpasses the wonders of fable.

The Nome gold field is beyond all others the poor man's heritage, for here the precious metal is washed from the sands of the beach in such abundance that two men provided simply with a hand-rocker, a shovel, a bucket with which to dip up sea water, all last Summer were washing out from $15 to $200 a day. For 45 miles the eager gold-hunters were strung along the beach and the full extent of the diggings is not known, but is believed by those who have been there to extend perhaps not less than 150 miles along the shore.

After all, the richest deposits are not upon the beach. The beach diggings were not first discovered, for no one thought of washing sea sand for gold, but in accordance with precedent made their first prospects and discoveries in the gulches and creek bottoms lying back from either side of Snake River and Nome River, which enter Norton Sound about five miles apart and between which stands Nome City.

This back country is called tundra, which consists of from two to three feet of muck overlying the gravel.

Four or five miles back from the coast are ranges of hills 700 or 800 feet high, dividing the water-courses, and here, unlike the Klondike country, there is found mineral-bearing rock in position.

Prior to July, 1898, there were no white residents in the Cape Nome district, a few Eskimos being the sole inhabitants. The nearest settlement of whites was at Council City, 100 miles away, or, to give it the name it is best known by, Golofnin Bay.

This was a mining town and a rendezvous for prospectors. Among these prospectors there was H. L. Blake, who early in 1898 heard from some Eskimos that there was gold at Cape Nome. Blake organized a party consisting of himself, F. Porter, the Rev. O. Hultberg, Chris Kimber and Dr. Taylor, of Chicago. Hultberg, by the way, is a Swede, and a missionary sent by the Lutheran Church to Alaska to work among the natives.

Blake's party sailed up the coast from Golofnin Bay to Cape Nome, and began to prospect. They found the country was rich in mineral, but the idea of trying the beach never entered their heads.

Neither did they stake out any claims, but returned to Golofnin Bay early in September with an agreement among the party to say nothing of the richness of the new field, and to go up in the Spring, stake their claims, and begin operations.

Rev. Mr. Hultberg assented to this agreement, which, he declared, exactly suited him, as he had to return at once to the United States. Blake accompanied the clergyman as far as St. Michael's on his homeward voyage, and then returned to Golofnin Bay.

On the same vessel that carried Blake back to Golofnin Bay was a letter written at St. Michael's by Rev. Mr. Hultberg to the Rev. Mr. Anderson, another Lutheran missionary, then at Golofnin Bay, in which the whole story of the discovery and richness of the Cape Nome district was revealed.

Rev. Mr. Anderson knew a good thing as well as the next man, and didn't let any grass grow under his feet. He received Hultberg's letter, and by Sept. 25 had organized a party and started by boat for Cape Nome. In the party, beside the Rev. Mr. Anderson, were Dr. Kettelson, in charge of the Government's reindeer department at Golofnin Bay; Eric O. Lindblom, Japhet Linderberg, John Brindesen, and Gabriel Price, the son-in-law of C. D. Lane, a California mining millionaire.

This party, on arrival at Cape Nome, by using the inside information furnished them by Hultberg, was able to at once proceed to the richest sections of the district and stake out claims. They were even able to do a little washing before they returned, and actually took out $1,800 in dust from No. 8, above Discovery, on Anvil Creek, before they went back to winter at Golofnin Bay. They got back Nov. 29.

Having located all the claims they wanted, the members of the Anderson party had no object in keeping secret the facts about the new Eldorado, and a veritable stampede at once set in, and in two days Council City was almost depopulated.

The weather was bitterly cold, but that made no difference. Those who had the means got dog sledges; those who didn't started to walk over the ice. Many of the adventurers actually started without provisions or any knowledge of where they were going, trusting that the charity of those they might fall in with on the way would furnish them food, while the trail of the sledges would lead them to the land of gold.

All they could do at Cape Nome on arrival was to stake out claims, trusting to luck to hit it right, as the ice and snow that covered the ground made it impossible to dig, and then they returned to Council City to spend the Winter.

The earliest work that can be done at Cape Nome is in June, and at least 3,000 men rushed into the country then. Mr. Blakesiee was among the number, and in his party, which consisted entirely of Chicago men, were C. C. Kester, James McCoskrie, who is now recorder for the Sinrook District; Sid Woflindin, E. J. Fisher, F. R. Leonard, Carroll Bennett, W. C. Titley, Robert Chipps, C. B. Pratt, H. M. Baker, C. O. Russell, F. E. Winters, W. H. Kelly and C. C. Webster. The rush then was all for the gulches back in the country, where there is a hilly formation, cut up by numerous streams.

It was not until July that some inquisitive gold-seeker investigated the beach sand and found it rich.

The beach at Nome is what is known as ruby sand. It is very heavy, and is full of minute rubies and garnets. There are three layers of this sand bearing gold, the first about three feet below the surface.

The trouble with the tundra gold-fields is the lack of water, which practically bars the poor man from working them. Water will have to be forced there to wash out the gold, or expensive flumes or ditches constructed to tap some of the streams in the hills and conduct the water to the spot.

As the country is entirely timberless the expense of the first plan would be enormous, as all the lumber would have to be brought up from Seattle, and as for the ditch project, the scarcity of labor in a country where every man has a chance to be his own boss and accumulate a possible fortune can be imagined.

But capital is bound to take hold of that section of the country and overcome these difficulties, and when it does no man would dare to hazard a guess now as to what the yearly production will amount to.

This range of hills spoken of is cut up in many places by streams, and it was along the gulches formed by these streams that the Anderson party located all its claims. The mining laws allow prospectors to locate one claim of 20 acres on any creek or on any of its tributaries. That is, if there were 20 creeks a man might locate a claim on each creek, and after staking it out and paying the Recorder's fee of $2.50 for each claim, it would be his.

The Anderson party located claims on Anvil Creek, Glacier Creek, Snow Gulch, Rock Creek, Lindblom Creek, Twin Mountains, Dry Creek, Dexter Creek, and Cooper Gulch, besides many others. Beginning operations in June with a force of 100 men, they have taken out in the four months in which they worked at least $750,000 in gold, and have barely scratched their claims.

In that country in the Summer there is no such thing as night—there is not an hour in the 24 when you cannot see to read a paper. The Anderson people worked their men in three shifts of eight hours each, so that operations were continuous, Sunday being the same as any other day. Their "cleanups" were from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The gold is mostly in small particles, but a few nuggets have been found, one being worth $427.

Nome is 10 days' sail from Seattle, and the distance is 2,400 miles. To San Francisco it is 2,800 miles, and the sail takes 11 days. The fare from both places, including your meals on the steamer, is $100.

In a new gold district such as Nome there have not as yet been many transactions in mining property from which the general public can derive an idea of value. There have been a few, however. Mr. Lane, a California millionaire, has the credit of having paid the highest price so far recorded.

For No. 2 below on Anvil Creek he paid the locator, a Norwegian named Kjelman, the Government reindeer-keeper, the sum of $74,000 cash. He got a bargain at that, as he can take that amount out of his claim every month. He also bought a half interest in No. 8 above Discovery for $60,000.

Next season there will be an influx of from 25,000 to 50,000 men in this field. Already the fame of its wealth has penetrated all the mining centers of Alaska, and a veritable stampede has set in.

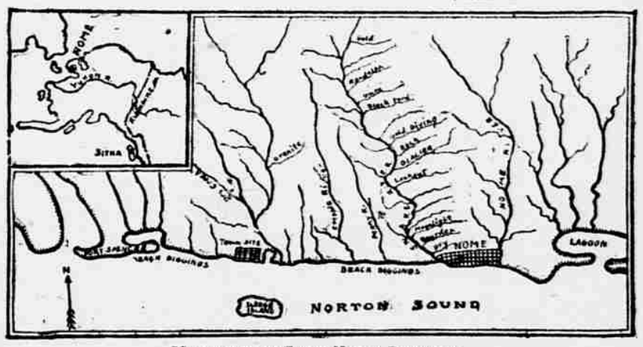
Nome City is a fair type of any mushroom mining town. It has grown entirely since last Spring, and all the men who are working in the gulches, and many of those on the beach claims, live in it. It is about an hour's walk from the city to the gulches.

The city has 42 two-story buildings, and 200 or 300 single-story cabins, beside a large tent population. It has a number of hotels and lodging houses, as well as restaurants. Saloons and gambling houses are numerous, and the latter are run wide open, and every game of chance known can be played there. But it is not a lawless community, by any means, and life and property are as safe there as in Chicago.

The town grew so rapidly that Aug. 24 it incorporated as a city and an election was held. J. D. Cashel was elected Mayor; Alonzo Rawson, who is also the United States Commissioner for the District, was elected City Judge, and four Aldermen and a Chief of Police were chosen.

Prices of everything are high. In the saloons, for instance, it is 50 cents a drink, no matter what you take. They split a bottle of beer up into about four glasses, and last Summer $65 a keg was paid for the amber fluid. Lumber is $250 to $300 a thousand.

The gold output for the district last year is put by the Director of the Mint at $2,700,000.



MAP OF THE CAPE NOME DISTRICT.

This map was made by U. S. Deputy Surveyor Davidson. At the upper left corner is a small outline of the Alaska coast.